



WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1914  
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1914

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1914.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



Spreading Herself.

Thin girls look swell in bustle gowns,  
But I am here to tell her  
If she is fat, that bustle gowns  
Will make her look much sweller.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The girl who wears a bustle gown  
Does not the fellows fool;  
She thinks she's swell, but she looks  
like  
A Pullman vestibule.  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## WAR SITUATION

Niagara Falls, Ont., May 22.—Three separate conferences between the three South American envoys and the American delegates today constituted the work of the mediation conference here. The Mexicans were not called into the conference.

LET UNCLE SAM  
GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady output of coal during the last few years has made the dealers push for wider markets. We are going to get more trade—your trade—by giving you a greater value for your money. You will never get out of debt unless you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.  
PHONE 148.

In Cincinnati last night 50,000 men marched in a parade as a protest against prohibition.

## SHINGLES! SHINGLES!

We have just received one large CAR LOAD of the VERY BEST WASHINGTON CEDAR. We also have a limited quantity of 18" CYPRESS SHINGLES. These are giving good satisfaction. We have almost all kinds of Roofing, also ROOF PAINTS. When in need of Roofing or Mill Work see us.

**The Mason Lumber Co., Inc.**  
Cor. Second and Limestone Sts. Phone 519. MAYSVILLE, KY.  
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

## WE NEED SPACE!

Our wall paper bins are crowded. We will offer Golds, Browns and Tans at 5c per roll. Call and see. Mat Cutting Machine for sale.

J. T. KACKLEY &amp; CO.

All new designs in Wall Paper and Rugs at HENDRICKSON'S.

MAYSVILLE PRINTER VISITS LEXINGTON.

(Lexington Leader.)  
"Jack" Orr, Maysville printer and journalist, was in Lexington Wednesday on business connected with the Odd Fellows' grand encampment, and made this office a pleasant call. Jack has been in the business since the stone age.

W. HOUSTON HALL A NEAR WINNER.

In the shoot for the Blue Grass championship at Winchester Thursday Alfred Clay, of Bourbon County, won the cup, breaking 95 out of 100, tying W. Houston Hall of this city. In the shoot-off Clay won, breaking 19 to Mr. Hall's 17 out of 20. C. B. Strother was second with 93 and Jake Gay and John Shropshire broke 90 each. Mr. Hall was highest for the day, breaking 182 out of 200.

## WALL PAPER!

Now is the time to do your wall papering and painting. Come in. We can show you just what you need. We have a full line of Wall Papers, Paints, Enamels, Etc. See our line before buying.

**CRANE & SHAFER,**  
PHONE 452. COX BUILDING.

## BANKER ALEXANDER ARRESTED.

Paris, Ky., May 22.—As a result of the further developments in the affairs of the closed bank of George Alexander & Company, Colonel Thomas J. Smith, State Banking Commissioner, Friday afternoon swore out three warrants against Mr. Alexander, one charging the making of false entries and procuring the making of false entries on the books of the bank, charging misappropriation of the bank's funds, and the other charging swearing to false statements to the Banking Department.

## SENIOR CLASS

Of The Maysville High School Very Delightfully Rendered Charming Playlet, "The Scrap of Paper," Last Evening.

The Senior Class play given last night in the Auditorium of the High School, was the best ever given by the class. The parts taken showed careful study and were given in a manner well worthy of the talent represented.

Miss Mary Parker in "Suzanne," showed remarkably original talent and her acting of the part put life and zeal into it.

Mr. Nelson Ellis in the character of "Prosper," was there with the goods. Nelson has the ability and made good use of it last night.

Miss Isabelle Key took the part of Louise de la Glaciere and was excellent in the character.

Mr. George Bauer in the character of the Baron was at home.

Horace Clarke played the juvenile part just like a boy should play it. Miss Scottie Stevenson in the character part of the evening Zenobia showed fine impersonating talent.

Mary Bacon Osborne as Mathilde was the ideal playmate of Horace Clarke. The minor parts were well played by Misses Lorena Dryden and Marian Daly and Horace Crawford and Albert Glascock.

The play deserved a better house. Dramatic Personnel.

Prosper Courmont.... Mr. Nelson Ellis  
Baron de la Glaciere.... Mr. Geo. Bauer  
Briemouche (landed proprietor and naturalist).... Mr. George Redmond  
Anatole (his ward).... Mr. Horace Clark  
Baptiste (servant).... Mr. Albert Glascock  
Francis (servant of Prosper)....  
..... Mr. Horace Crawford  
Louise de la Glaciere.....  
..... Miss Isabelle Key  
Mlle. Suzanne de Ruseville (her cousin).....  
..... Miss Mary Parker  
Mathilde (sister to Louise).....  
..... Miss Mary Bacon Osborne  
Mlle. Zenobia (sister to Briemouche).....  
..... Miss Scottie Stevenson  
Madame Dupont, housekeeper.....  
..... Miss Marion Daly  
Pauline, maid..... Miss Lorena Dryden



PUFFED RICE  
COMPRESSED OATS  
OAT MEAL  
PUFFED WHEAT  
All of the Quaker Brand.  
We have them.



DINGER BROS., LEADING RETAILERS, 107 W. SECOND STREET

## DEATH CALLS LITTLE DOROTHY FIELDS.

Dorothy, the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Fields of Dexter, died this morning of typhoid fever after a brief illness.  
Funeral Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the home. Burial at Shannon Cemetery.

## UNCLE JOE CANNON OUT FOR CONGRESS ONCE MORE.

Danville, Ill.—Former Speaker Jos. G. Cannon formally announced his candidacy for Congress from the Nineteenth district. Progressive leaders mean to ask Theodore Roosevelt to make two speeches in the district in opposition to Mr. Cannon.

## BEST SPRING MEDICINE

that money can buy is OXY-TONIC. It tones up the system and builds up your general health. Absolutely the best blood purifier you can get. Excellent for children, for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, liver and kidney trouble.  
\$1.00 QUART.

M. F. WILLIAMS &amp; CO. THE THIRD STREET DRUGSTORE.

## D. HECHINGER &amp; CO.

Maysville's Best Clothing and Shoe Store.

EVER ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GARMENTS OUT OF THE ORDINARY, we have recently added to our excellent line of Spring and Summer Suits what we deem the most practical warm weather suit it has ever been our fortune to offer. These garments are made of fine imported light-weight blue serge, entirely devoid of linings and superbly made. They are intended for In and Out-door Summer entertainments. Will also make a practical Business Suit. We have them in four models—Regular, Slim, Stout and Extra Large sizes. Price \$25. The Manufacturer of these Suits tells us in large cities they retail for \$35.

It will afford us much pleasure to have you come in and look at these Suits.

D. HECHINGER &amp; CO.

Special prepared paint \$1.25 per gallon at HENDRICKSON'S.

Charles Becker was again convicted in New York for the murder of Herman Rosenthal.

## VETERAN EDITOR OUT AGAIN.

Mr. Thomas A. Davis was able to be up street Thursday for the first time in many months. His many friends were glad to greet him and see that he

has won the battle against ill-health. Mr. Davis in his active years, was recognized as one of the most influential and forceful journalists of his time. The blows he dealt with his pen have humbled many an upstart antagonist.

## Two Events in a Girl's Life

overshadow all others—her graduation and her wedding, so every girl feels the gown for either occasion must be chosen with especial care. To help her in the selection we have a dozen different models which in daintiness of finish, of trimming, of material, of design spell girlish distinction in twelve varied ways.

## The Moderate Price

of these graduation dresses (which will be admirable for dancing frocks afterward) is another delightful feature. Imagine a lovely white gown made of imported striped crepe trimmed in plain crepe, with ribbon girdle for \$10; yet this is one of the more expensive ones, as dresses of fine white Crepe-Voile or Net handsomely embroidered, with soft Messaline girdle are only \$6.50.

1852

HUNT'S

1914

## MISS GLASCOCK'S RECITAL.

Miss Allene Glascock will present her pupils in a recital Wednesday evening, May 27th at 8 o'clock at the First M. E. Church, South.

The public invited.

## WANTED.

Sealed bids for laying about 320 perch of stone; also doing some cement work for City of Maysville. See specifications at my office 208 Court street.

I. N. POSTER, Chairman  
Internal Improvement Committee.

## T. D. SLATTERY IN COVINGTON.

(Friday's Times-Star.)  
T. D. Slattery of Maysville, Ky., recently named as district attorney for the Eastern district of Kentucky to succeed E. P. Morrow, was a visitor in Covington Friday. Mr. Slattery an

nounced that he would take office on September 1. While in Covington Attorney Slattery talked with Attorney John Murphy, member of the Kentucky County Bar, who is prominently mentioned for the assistant district attorneyship to succeed Sawyer Smith.

## Wall Paper, Paint, Rugs.

**The Hendrickson Paint Co.,**  
52 W. SECOND ST., AND 204 SUTTON ST.

## MAYSVILLE LOST

At Huntington Yesterday By the Score of 3 to 2.—Thompson and Higley Engaged in Pitcher's Battle.

Huntington, W. Va., May 22.—Higley won for Huntington in a pitching duel here this afternoon. Both he and Thompson, for Maysville, kept the hits well scattered. Home runs by Donovan and Kelly featured the game. The score:

The score by innings:  
Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—  
Maysville.....0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0—2  
Huntington.....0 1 1 0 0 0 1 x—3  
Home runs—Donovan, Kelly. Sacrifices—Schlagel. Sacrifice fly—Curse. Struck out—By Thompson, 2; by Higley, 6. Bases on balls—Off Thompson, 1; off Higley, 2. Left on bases—Maysville, 5; Huntington, 4. Time—1:40. Umpire—Jacobs.

T. K. Proctor left this morning for Circleville, Ohio, for a two weeks' visit to his daughter, Mrs. Ida Baughman.

## How's This?

Woeffer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O.—We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, setting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## STRAWBERRIES

All kinds of FRESH VEGETABLES.  
Our sale of Canned Goods continues.

one 43.

GEISEL &amp; CONRAD

## Items of Interest for Shrewd Buyers

Beautiful Shirt Waists in cool summer styles \$1.  
Have you seen the new style "Royal" Middy Blouses?  
Large size Brussels rugs at \$10.95.  
"Crex" Grass Rugs, all sizes 35c to \$8.  
"Aerolux" Porch Shades \$2.65 to \$5.75.  
New Summer Dresses \$1.25 to \$15.  
Long Crepe Kimonas 98c.  
New hats have arrived, also hats made to order or we re-trim your old hat. Our Milliners will do anything to please you. Beautiful Panamas at \$2.98.  
White Oxfords with rubber soles, white Canvass Pumps, White Strap Oxfords, \$1 1/2 to \$3.25.  
Patent and dull kid oxfords at \$2 to \$4.  
Men's Regal Oxfords \$3.75 to \$5.  
Summer Underwear for Men, Ladies and Children 10c to \$1.  
One lot of Curtain Goods, colored borders, 10c.

OUR  
REPUTATION  
Goes with  
EVERY PACKAGE

**Kerz Bros**  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

The STORE  
that LEADS  
and  
SUCCEEDS



# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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## SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body of a young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared. It is suspected that Mrs. Wrاندall is back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in riding the horse, she takes her to her home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Wrاندall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year. Leslie, Wrاندall's brother, who has been greatly interested in Hetty, sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and preparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall by marrying his murderer into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures of her country place, he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Leslie was coming out on an evening train. Booth, in commenting on this, again remarked a sharp change in Hetty's manner. They had been conversing somewhat buoyantly up to the moment he mentioned Leslie's impending visit. In a flash her manner changed. A quick but unmistakable frown succeeded her smiles, and for some reason she suddenly relapsed into a state of reserve that was little short of sullen. He was puzzled, as he had been before.

The day was hot. Sara volunteered to take him home in the motor. An errand in the village was the excuse she gave for riding over with him. Heretofore she had sent him over alone with the chauffeur.

She looked very handsome, very tempting, as she came down to the car.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she is wonderful!"

He handed her into the car with the grace of a courtier, and she smiled upon him serenely, as a princess might have smiled in the days when knight-hood was in flower.

When she sat him down at his little garden gate, he put the question that had been seething in his mind all the way down the shady stretch they had traversed.

"Have you ever seen Hetty Glynn, the English actress?"

Sara was always prepared. She knew the question would come when last expected.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with interest. "Have you noticed the resemblance? They are as like as two peas in a pod. Isn't it extraordinary?"

He was a bit staggered. "I have never seen Hetty Glynn," he replied.

"Oh? You have seen photographs of her?" she inquired casually.

"What has become of her?" she asked, ignoring her question. "Is she still on the stage?"

"Heaven knows," she replied lightly. "Miss Castleton and I were speaking of her last night. We were together the last time I saw her. Who knows? She may have married into the nobility by this time. She was a very poor actress, but the loveliest thing in the world—excepting our Hetty, of course."

If he could have seen the troubled look in her eyes as she was whirled off to the village, he might not have gone about the cottage with such a blithe smile.

He was happier than he had been in days, and all because of Hetty Glynn!

Leslie Wrاندall did not arrive by the evening train. He telephoned late in the afternoon, not to Hetty but to Sara, to say that he was unavoidably detained and would not leave New York until the next morning. Something in his voice, in his manner of speaking, disturbed her. She went to

bed that night with two sources of uneasiness threatening her peace of mind. She scented peril.

The motor met him at the station and Sara was waiting for him in the cool, awning-covered verandah as he drove up. There was a sullen, discontented look in his face. She was stretched out comfortably, lazily, in a great chaise-loungue, her black little slippers peeping out at him with perfect abandonment.

"Hello," he said shortly. She gave him her hand. "Sorry I couldn't get out last night." He shook her hand rather ungraciously.

"We missed you," she said. "Pull up a chair. I was never so lousy as now. Dear me, I am afraid I'll get stout and cross."

"Spring fever," he announced. He was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand, if you don't mind. Beastly tiresome, sitting in a hot, stuffy train."

He took a couple of turns across the porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, annoyed manner of one who seeks for something that, in the correct order of things, ought to be plainly visible.

"Please sit down, Leslie. You make me nervous, tramping about like that. We can't go in for half an hour or more."

"Can't go in?" he demanded, stopping before her. He began to pull at his little moustache.

"No. Hetty's posing. They won't permit even me to disturb them."

He glared. With a final, almost dramatic twist he gave over jerking at his moustache, and grabbed up a chair, which he put down beside her with a vehemence that spoke plainer than words.

"I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the doorway, "how long is he going to be at this silly job?"

"Silly job? Why, it is to be a masterpiece," she cried.

"I asked you how long?"

"Oh, how can I tell? Weeks, perhaps. One can't prod a genius."

"It's all tommy-rot," he growled.

"I suppose I'd better take the next train back to town."

"Don't you like talking with me?" she inquired, with a pout.

"Of course I do," he made haste to say. "But do you mean to say they won't let anybody in where—Oh, I say! This is rich!"

"Spectators upset the muse, or words to that effect."

He stared gloomily at his cigarette case for a moment. Then he carefully selected a cigarette and tapped it on the back of his hand.

"See here, Sara, I'm going to get this off my chest," he said bluntly. "I've been thinking it over all week. I don't like this portrait painting nonsense."

"Dear me! Didn't you suggest it?" she inquired innocently, but all the time her heart was beating violent time to the song of triumph.

He was jealous. It was what she wanted, what she had hoped for all along. Her purpose now was to encourage the ugly flame that tortured him, to fan it into fury, to make it unendurable. She knew him well: His supreme egotism could not withstand an attack upon its complacency. Like all the Wrاندalls, he had the habit of thinking too well of himself. He possessed a clearly-defined sense of humor, but it did not begin to include self-sacrifice among its endowments. He had never been able to laugh at himself for the excellent reason that some things were truly sacred to him. She realized this, and promptly laughed at him. He stiffened.

"Don't snicker, Sara," he growled. He took time to light his cigarette, and at the same time to consider his answer to her question. "In a way, yes. I suggested a sort of portrait, of course. A sketchy thing, something like that, you know. But not an all-summer operation."

"But she doesn't mind," explained Sara. "In fact, she is enjoying it. She and Mr. Booth get on famously together."

"She likes him, eh?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't she like him? He is adorable."

He threw his cigarette over the railing. "Comes here every day, I suppose?"

"My dear Leslie, he is to do me as soon as he has finished with her. I don't like your manner."

"Oh," he said in a dull sort of wonder. No one had ever cut him short in just that way before. "What's up, Sara? Have I done anything out of the way?"

"You are very touchy, it seems to me."

"I'm sore about this confounded portrait monopoly."

"I'm sorry, Leslie. I suppose you will have to give in, however. We are three to one against you—Hetty, Mr. Booth and I."

"I see," he said, rather blankly. Then he drew his chair closer. "See here, Sara, you know I'm terribly keen about her. I think about her, I dream about her, I—oh, well, here it is in a nutshell: I'm in love with her. Now do you understand?"

"I don't see how you could help being in love with her," she said calmly. "I believe it is a habit men have when she is concerned."

"You're not surprised?" he cried, himself surprised.

"Not in the least."

"I mean to ask her to marry me," he announced with finality. This was intended to bowl her over completely. She looked at him for an instant, and then shook her head. "I'd like to be able to wish you good luck."

He stared. "You don't mean to say she'd be fool enough—" he began incredulously, but caught himself up in time. "Of course, I'd have to take my chances," he concluded, with more humility than she had ever seen him display. "Do you know of any one else?"

"No," she said seriously. "She doesn't confide in me to that extent, I fear. I've never asked."

"Oh, I dare say."

He was regaining his complacency. "That's neither here nor there," he declared. The thing I want you to do, Sara, is to rush this confounded portrait. I don't like the idea, not a little bit."

"I don't blame you for being afraid of the attractive Mr. Booth," she said, with a significant lifting of her eyebrows.

"I'm going to have it over with before I go up to town, my dear girl," he announced, in a matter-of-fact way.

"I've given the whole situation a deuce of a lot of thought, and I've made up my mind to do it. I'm not the sort, you know, to delay matters once my mind's made up. By Jove, Sara, you ought to be pleased. I'm not such a rotten catch, if I do say it who shouldn't."

She was perfectly still for a long time, so still that she did not appear to be breathing. Her eyes grew darker, more mysterious, if he had taken the pains to notice, he would have seen that her fingers were rigid.

"I am pleased," she said, very gently. She could have shrieked the words. How she hated all these smug Wrاندalls!

"I came to the decision yesterday," he went on, tapping the arm of the chair with his finger tips, as if timing his words with care and precision. "Spoke to dad about it at lunch. I was coming out on the five o'clock, as I'd planned, but he seemed to think I'd better talk it over with the mater first. Not that she would be likely to kick up a row, you know, but—well, for policy's sake. See what I mean? Decent thing to do, you know. She never quite got over the way you and Chal stole a march on her. God knows I'm not like Chal."

Her eyes narrowed again. "No," she said, "you are not like your brother."

"Chal was all right, mind you, in what he did," he added hastily, noting the look. "I would do the same, 'pon my soul I would, if there were any senseless objections raised in my case. But, of course, it was right for me to talk it over with her, just the same. So I stayed in and gave them all the chance to say what they thought of me—and, incidentally, of Hetty. Quite the decent thing, don't you think? A fellow's mother is his mother, after all. See what I mean?"

"You must not kiss it again, Mr. Wrاندall," she said in a low, intense voice. Then she passed him by and hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

He blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there swept over him the unique sensation of eyness—most unique in him. He had never been ashamed before in all his life. Now he was curiously conscious of having overstepped the bounds, and for the first time to be shown his place by a girl. This to him, who had no scruples about boundary lines.

All through luncheon he was voluble and gay. There was a bright spot in his cheek, however, that betrayed him to Sara, who already suspected the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplaning without cessation, directing most of his conversation to Booth, yet thrilled with pleasure each time Hetty laughed at his sallies. He was beginning to feel like a half-baked schoolboy in her presence, a most deplorable state of affairs he had to admit.

"If you hate the trains so much, and your automobile is out of whack, why don't you try volplaning down from the Metropolitan tower?" demanded Booth in response to his lugubrious wall against the beastly luck of having to go about in railway coaches with a lot of red-eyed, nose-blowing people who hadn't got used to their spring underwear yet.

"You must be eager to see my life blood scattered all over creation. But, speaking of volplaning, I've had three lessons this week. Next week Bronson says I'll be flying like a gull. 'Gad, it's wonderful. I've had two tumbles, that's all—little ones, of course—net result a barked knee and a peeled elbow."

"Watch out you're not flying like an angel before you get through with it, Les," cautioned the painter. "I see that a well-known society leader in Chicago was killed yesterday."

"Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wrاندall carelessly. "That's what gives zest to the sport."

"I love it, too," said Hetty, her eyes gleaming. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it! And yet one seems to be standing perfectly still in the air when one is half a mile high and going fifty miles an hour. Oh, it is wonderful, Mr. Wrاندall."

"I'll take you out in a week or two, Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly. Booth frowned. "Better wait a bit," he counseled. "Risky business, Miss Castleton, flying about with leadings."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrاندall, who was somewhat heated. "Don't be a wet blanket, old man."

"I was merely suggesting she'd better wait till you've got used to your wings."

"Jimmy Van Winkle took his wife with him the third time up," said Leslie, as if that were the last word in aeroplaning.

"It's common report that she keeps Jimmy level, no matter where she's got him," retorted Booth.

"I dare say Miss Castleton can hold me level," said Leslie, with a profound bow to her. "Can't you, Miss Castleton?"

She smiled. "Oh, as for that, Mr. Wrاندall, I think you can all trust you to cling pretty closely to your own level."

"Rather ambiguous, that," he remarked dubiously.

"She means you never get below it, Leslie," said Booth, enjoying himself.

"That's the one great principle in aeroplaning," said Wrاندall, quick to recover. "Vivian says I'll break my neck some day, but admits it to be a heroic way of doing it. Much nobler than pitching out of an automobile or catapulting over a horse's head in Central park."

He paused for effect before venturing his next conclusion. "It must be infinitely sublime, being squashed—or is it squashed—after a drop of a mile or so, isn't it?"

He looked to see Miss Castleton wince, and was somewhat dashed to find that she was looking out of the window, quite oblivious to the peril he was in figuratively for her special consideration.

Booth was acutely reminded that the term "prig" as applied to Leslie was a misnomer; he hated the thought of the other word, which reflectively he rhymed with "pad."

"Certainly," he said with so much meaning in the word that she flushed. Hetty and Booth came into view at that instant. The painter was laying a sort, filmy scarf over the girl's bare shoulders as he followed close behind her.

"Hello!" he cried, catching sight of Wrاندall. "Train late, old chap? We've been expecting you for the last hour. How are you?"

He came up with a frank, genuine smile of pleasure on his lips, his hand extended. Leslie rose to the occasion. His self-esteem was larger than his grievance. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Didn't want to disturb you, Brandon," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me." He then passed on to Hetty, who had lagged behind. Bending low over her hand, he said something commonplace in a very low voice, at the same time looking slyly out of the corner of his eye to see if Booth was taking it all in. Finding that his friend was regarding him rather fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse and raised the girl's slim hand to his lips. As suddenly he released her and looked straightened up with a look of surprise in his eyes; he had distinctly heard the agitated catch in her throat. She was staring at her hand thoughtfully, holding it rigid before her eyes for a moment before thrusting it behind her back as if it were a thing to be shielded from all scrutiny save her own.

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"Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wrاندall carelessly. "That's what gives zest to the sport."

"I love it, too," said Hetty, her eyes gleaming. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it! And yet one seems to be standing perfectly still in the air when one is half a mile high and going fifty miles an hour. Oh, it is wonderful, Mr. Wrاندall."

"I'll take you out in a week or two, Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly. Booth frowned. "Better wait a bit," he counseled. "Risky business, Miss Castleton, flying about with leadings."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrاندall, who was somewhat heated. "Don't be a wet blanket, old man."

"I was merely suggesting she'd better wait till you've got used to your wings."

"Jimmy Van Winkle took his wife with him the third time up," said Leslie, as if that were the last word in aeroplaning.

"It's common report that she keeps Jimmy level, no matter where she's got him," retorted Booth.

"I dare say Miss Castleton can hold me level," said Leslie, with a profound bow to her. "Can't you, Miss Castleton?"

She smiled. "Oh, as for that, Mr. Wrاندall, I think you can all trust you to cling pretty closely to your own level."

"Rather ambiguous, that," he remarked dubiously.

"She means you never get below it, Leslie," said Booth, enjoying himself.

"That's the one great principle in aeroplaning," said Wrاندall, quick to recover. "Vivian says I'll break my neck some day, but admits it to be a heroic way of doing it. Much nobler than pitching out of an automobile or catapulting over a horse's head in Central park."

He paused for effect before venturing his next conclusion. "It must be infinitely sublime, being squashed—or is it squashed—after a drop of a mile or so, isn't it?"

He looked to see Miss Castleton wince, and was somewhat dashed to find that she was looking out of the window, quite oblivious to the peril he was in figuratively for her special consideration.

Booth was acutely reminded that the term "prig" as applied to Leslie was a misnomer; he hated the thought of the other word, which reflectively he rhymed with "pad."

"Certainly," he said with so much meaning in the word that she flushed. Hetty and Booth came into view at that instant. The painter was laying a sort, filmy scarf over the girl's bare shoulders as he followed close behind her.

"Hello!" he cried, catching sight of Wrاندall. "Train late, old chap? We've been expecting you for the last hour. How are you?"

He came up with a frank, genuine smile of pleasure on his lips, his hand extended. Leslie rose to the occasion. His self-esteem was larger than his grievance. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Didn't want to disturb you, Brandon," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me." He then passed on to Hetty, who had lagged behind. Bending low over her hand, he said something commonplace in a very low voice, at the same time looking slyly out of the corner of his eye to see if Booth was taking it all in. Finding that his friend was regarding him rather fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse and raised the girl's slim hand to his lips. As suddenly he released her and looked straightened up with a look of surprise in his eyes; he had distinctly heard the agitated catch in her throat. She was staring at her hand thoughtfully, holding it rigid before her eyes for a moment before thrusting it behind her back as if it were a thing to be shielded from all scrutiny save her own.

"You must not kiss it again, Mr. Wrاندall," she said in a low, intense voice. Then she passed him by and hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

He blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there swept over him the unique sensation of eyness—most unique in him. He had never been ashamed before in all his life. Now he was curiously conscious of having overstepped the bounds, and for the first time to be shown his place by a girl. This to him, who had no scruples about boundary lines.

All through luncheon he was voluble and gay. There was a bright spot in his cheek, however, that betrayed him to Sara, who already suspected the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplaning without cessation, directing most of his conversation to Booth, yet thrilled with pleasure each time Hetty laughed at his sallies. He was beginning to feel like a half-baked schoolboy in her presence, a most deplorable state of affairs he had to admit.

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"I've given the whole situation a deuce of a lot of thought, and I've made up my mind to do it. I'm not the sort, you know, to delay matters once my mind's made up. By Jove, Sara, you ought to be pleased. I'm not such a rotten catch, if I do say it who shouldn't."

She was perfectly still for a long time, so still that she did not appear to be breathing. Her eyes grew darker, more mysterious, if he had taken the pains to notice, he would have seen that her fingers were rigid.

"I am pleased," she said, very gently. She could have shrieked the words. How she hated all these smug Wrاندalls!

"I came to the decision yesterday," he went on, tapping the arm of the chair with his finger tips, as if timing his words with care and precision. "Spoke to dad about it at lunch. I was coming out on the five o'clock, as I'd planned, but he seemed to think I'd better talk it over with the mater first. Not that she would be likely to kick up a row, you know, but—well, for policy's sake. See what I mean? Decent thing to do, you know. She never quite got over the way you and Chal stole a march on her. God knows I'm not like Chal."

Her eyes narrowed again. "No," she said, "you are not like your brother."

"Chal was all right, mind you, in what he did," he added hastily, noting the look. "I would do the same, 'pon my soul I would, if there were any senseless objections raised in my case. But, of course, it was right for me to talk it over with her, just the same. So I stayed in and gave them all the chance to say what they thought of me—and, incidentally, of Hetty. Quite the decent thing, don't you think? A fellow's mother is his mother, after all. See what I mean?"

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# The Maid of the Forest

By RANDALL PARRISH  
ILLUSTRATED BY D. J. LAVIN  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Hammar, meets Simon Gray, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Hammar, with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Hammar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene "Auvray," who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Hammar to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of a man to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father, she insists that she has seen Hayward before, out in a British uniform. Hayward starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Put her into the bank there, boys, to the right," I commanded. "Beyond the roots of that big oak. We'll breakfast, and then rest awhile."

This was accomplished with a sweep of the paddles, and we stepped ashore, the Indians drawing the light canoe well up into the mud, Brady stamping about to restore circulation. Schultz collapsed in his seat, and I stopped to shake him.

"Tired, man? Move about and you'll feel better."

"Mein Gott," he moaned, rolling his eyes up at me imploringly. "I was mowed mit der tire-ness. Mein feet von't move already."

"That will be all right, Schultz," I said kindly. "I'll help you ashore, and you can rest awhile, until you feel better. I'll do the cooking this morning."

We were still too close to the settlements to be in very much danger, and felt little necessity for guarding our presence. White hunters, penetrated as far north as the forks, and any raiding parties of hostile Indians would have been reported. Brady shook his head when I mentioned the possibility, smiling calmly.

"There ain't no red-skins down in yer," he returned confidently. "Or some of the boys along the river would let me know."

"How far have we come?"

He spoke to the Delaware, and one of them replied in his own language. "He reckons 'bout fifty miles, though it would be less than that straight across country. It takes maybe two days—an' a night to make the forks with good paddling."

As none of the toll of our progress up stream had thus far fallen upon me I remained on guard over the tired sleepers, cleaning away the debris of the meal, and packing the cooking utensils back in the canoe. The men slept soundly, although I noticed how any movement, even the slight rustle of leaves in a sudden puff of wind, served to rouse Brady or the Indians to instant consciousness. They possessed the instinct of wild animals, ever alert to danger. It must have been fully noon when I aroused them, and we again headed the canoe up stream, Brady willingly taking the soldier's place at the after paddle, while I lay back in the stern, my coat serving for a pillow, and finally fell asleep.

The river narrowed rapidly as we advanced northward, until the great trees on either bank nearly obscured the sun overhead. The Delaware were already exhibiting a disinclination to proceed, and we were compelled to hold them by threats to their work. Each mile of advance northward added to their terror, and made our task more difficult. Once Brady struck the chief, driving him back to his place in the canoe. This was when we discovered unmistakable signs that a party of Miamis had crossed the river only shortly before we passed the spot. However, we ran the gauntlet safely, a mere silent shadow slipping along in the dark shade of the protecting bank, and thus finally attained the forks, and landed on the west shore. It was dark when we got there, but the Delaware were so eager to return, that we immediately put ashore all we intended to pack with us, and parted with them gladly. The canoe shot swiftly away into the gloom, leaving the three of us alone. Bearing our loads with us, we groped a blind way through the forest, back toward the foot of the bluff, where we made camp, as best we might, at the mouth of a ravine, well sheltered by underbrush, and lay down, without venturing to light a fire. For some time, scarcely a memory of Rene d'Auvray had remained with me, my mind being fully occupied with the increasing peril of our position; yet as I lay there in the silence, looking up at the stars, her eyes seemed suddenly to smile again into mine, and I dreamed of her as I slept. The dawn found us safe, seemingly alone in the wilderness.

## CHAPTER V.

## The Trail of a War Party.

Before the sun's rays touched the summit of the bluff we were climbing the sides of the ravine, with light packs on our shoulders. Brady led the way, tireless and watchful, his long rifle held ready in the crook of his arm, his alert eyes searching out the ground ahead. Behind him lumbered Schultz, heavy-footed, and grumbling Dutch oaths at every misstep, yet somehow managing to keep up; while brought up the rear, my gaze intent on the surrounding ridges.

For three days we encountered nothing to alarm. Brady purposely kept away from all trails, trusting implicitly his instinct as a woodsman to discover a safe passage. He possessed instincts of the wild, the subtlety the savage, born of constant peril loneliness.

have been the Vermilion, we came upon the blackened remains of a campfire, apparently deserted but a few hours before. Brady examined it with great care, trailing the party to the river bank, and then making a wide circuit of the woods, before he finally returned satisfied.

"Less than three hours gone," he said soberly, "and traveling north."

"Do you know who they were?" I asked. "How many were in the party?"

Miamis and Ojibwas, I reckon, and they had a prisoner, bound to that small tree out yonder; see here, Hayward, the fellow had boots on, and not moccasins. From the trail they made here on the bank there must have been twelve or fifteen Indians; ay, and a white renegade," he bent down again to study a track in the mud, "for this is no red-skin's foot, with the toes turned out." He swore, the only oath I had heard thus far from his lips, plucking a few long hairs from off a tuft of underbrush, and holding them up to the sunlight. "A war party all right, with scalp. One fellow brushed against this bush as he came down the bank; from the color they must have been raiding the German settlements."

I stared at the floating hairs, shuddering in horror, and hands gripped hard on my rifle.

"Good God! and they are going our way?"

"That needn't trouble us, while they leave a plain trail behind. Those devils feel safe enough now, or they'd take more care. We are in no danger while they keep ahead of us."

We made a detour to the right, plunging straight forward into the unbroken woods. Brady led at a fast gait, his trained iron muscles tireless, while I urged the breathless soldier to new exertions, frightening him by constant reference to the raiders so close at hand. The perspiration rolled down his face, yet he kept close at Brady's heels, falling flat on the ground during our brief halts, but determined not to be left behind. There was certainly good stuff in the fellow, although he swore stiffly, and had a tread like an elephant. Just before dark, the forest about us already in gloom, we suddenly emerged from out the shadow of great trees, and stood on the shore of a lake girded with woods. A few hundred feet from where we stood a small rocky island, dense with trees, rose above the mirrored surface. After one swift glance about the line of shore Brady's eyes rested on this haven, as though questioning its feasibility as a night camp. There was a yellow tinge to the intervening water, suggestive of shallowness, and I spoke first.

"It will be dark in a few minutes more; isn't that a sand-ridge leading out yonder?"

"It looks so to me," he replied quietly, "but the only sure way to tell is to test the passage. In my judgment we better get out there if we can, for there's no knowin' where these Injuns may be."

He led the way, and we followed in single file, our packs and rifles held high overhead. The water deepened until it reached Schultz's armpits, but there was no perceptible current, and the sand underfoot was firm as rock. Deep purple shadows seemed to shut us in, as we clambered up the steep bank of the island, our clothes dripping. Brady with outstretched hand helped me to climb, clinging with his other to a sapling. Then he pointed across the darkened surface toward the lower end of the lake. In the distance there was the red glow of a fire, barely visible.

The island was wider than I had supposed, and must have contained fully five acres, densely wooded, with no sign of a trail anywhere. Apparently we were the first explorers to penetrate its thickets. Suddenly we came to the edge of a small opening, sloping down like a saucer, grass covered and treeless, open to the sky, but with a dark irregular something at its center. So shapeless was this black blotch that I took it at first to be a clump of brush, but the scout gripped my arm. "Hayward! there's a log house!" he whispered, pointing. "Do you see? Keep the Dutchman back."

I dropped to my knees, and studied the dim outline, which the night rendered so indistinct. Little by little it assumed more definite shape—a one-story log hut, with an extension at the rear, and an outside chimney poking up beside the roof. It was a gloomy looking place, with no glimmer of light showing anywhere.

"What do you make of it?" asked Brady in a whisper, as though doubt by his own eyes.

"It's a house, all right," I answered. "Some French hunter's shack."

He shook his head negatively. "They don't build like that. It beats me, but whoever built that house put it up to live in. Howsoever I don't see no sign of anybody there now, an' I'm goin' ter find out what the shebang looks like. Dutchy, you stay here, an' watch these things, while the two of us scouts 'round a bit."

Stooping low, so as not to be so easily perceived in the darkness, the two of us, grasping our rifles in readiness, stole across the open space toward the house. There was no sign of life so far as could be seen or heard, yet if the place was deserted it could not have been for long, as there were no appearances of decay or abandonment of the premises. The log walls were firm, the clay between resisting the pressure of our fingers in an attempt to dislodge it, and the only door noticed was tightly closed. We hesitated to open this, uncertain what mystery might await us within, and listening anxiously for any sound. The stillness was so profound as to be painful, and, whispering to me to stand back, with rifle poised Brady silently lifted the strong wooden latch. The door slid back in grooves, the sound of movement barely perceptible, and we stared into the black interior, seeing nothing except a little section of dirt floor, dimly revealed by the stars overhead.

"We'll feel it out, boy," muttered the scout, his hand gripping my arm. "Nobody at home, I reckon, but it won't do to risk a light. You take that side, an' I'll take this 'n', see what we find."

I moved forward slowly, foot by foot, feeling blindly with one hand, the other grasping my rifle. I came to a rude bench, home-made without nails, touched a small table with crossed legs, holding nothing but an empty pewter bowl, felt the shaggy skin of some animal fastened against the log wall, and then a few articles of warm clothing dangling from wooden pins. These were rough garments, made of skins, with a single coarse shirt. Beyond them my fingers came in contact with the latch of a door. As I touched this the menacing growl of some animal broke the intense stillness. I stepped back, startled, unnerved, and in my recoil, came into contact with a man. A hand like iron gripped me, but it was Brady's voice that spoke: "From the other room," he said shortly, "a dog."

"A dog! Then why hasn't he barked?"

"Because he is not that kind, I reckon; a big brute from his growl. Did you find anything?"

I told him briefly.

"Fireplace on my side, two chairs and an ax in the corner," he added shortly. "Nobody home but the dog, I reckon, but we will have to fight it out with him, before we take possession. Stand where you are until I feel out the door. Leather hinges, and opens this way. Here, Hayward, take hold of the latch; we'll have to brain the brute. Don't open until I say so, and then only about a foot. Brace yourself to hold it firm, and keep your gun ready; I've got the ax."

I took my position, but with heart beating rapidly, and waited. The dog, as though realizing danger, flung himself with full force against the door, and gave one deep bark of savage ferocity. Brady touched my hand, locating the opening. Then there was an instant of silence.

"Now!" he said.

I lifted the wooden latch, gripping with both hands, my shoulders and foot braced. There was a fierce leap of the brute, so sudden as to cause me to give back, the thud of descending ax, a howl of pain and rage, the ugly snap of jaws. Coarse hair swept my hands; there was another blow, the sound of a falling body; then the helve of the ax struck my foot. Back and forth on the dirt floor man and brute struggled, crashing into the table, and overturning it. Brady uttered one oath; then the dog snarled, and lay still, while I stood with the ax poised, unable to tell which was which in the darkness. Something moved, and I took a step forward.

"Brady!"

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Brady in a whisper, as though doubt by his own eyes.

"It's a house, all right," I answered. "Some French hunter's shack."

He shook his head negatively. "They don't build like that. It beats me, but whoever built that house put it up to live in. Howsoever I don't see no sign of anybody there now, an' I'm goin' ter find out what the shebang looks like. Dutchy, you stay here, an' watch these things, while the two of us scouts 'round a bit."

Stooping low, so as not to be so easily perceived in the darkness, the two of us, grasping our rifles in readiness, stole across the open space toward the house. There was no sign of life so far as could be seen or heard, yet if the place was deserted it could not have been for long, as there were no appearances of decay or abandonment of the premises. The log walls were firm, the clay between resisting the pressure of our fingers in an attempt to dislodge it, and the only door noticed was tightly closed. We hesitated to open this, uncertain what mystery might await us within, and listening anxiously for any sound. The stillness was so profound as to be painful, and, whispering to me to stand back, with rifle poised Brady silently lifted the strong wooden latch. The door slid back in grooves, the sound of movement barely perceptible, and we stared into the black interior, seeing nothing except a little section of dirt floor, dimly revealed by the stars overhead.

"We'll feel it out, boy," muttered the scout, his hand gripping my arm. "Nobody at home, I reckon, but it won't do to risk a light. You take that side, an' I'll take this 'n', see what we find."

I moved forward slowly, foot by foot, feeling blindly with one hand, the other grasping my rifle. I came to a rude bench, home-made without nails, touched a small table with crossed legs, holding nothing but an empty pewter bowl, felt the shaggy skin of some animal fastened against the log wall, and then a few articles of warm clothing dangling from wooden pins. These were rough garments, made of skins, with a single coarse shirt. Beyond them my fingers came in contact with the latch of a door. As I touched this the menacing growl of some animal broke the intense stillness. I stepped back, startled, unnerved, and in my recoil, came into contact with a man. A hand like iron gripped me, but it was Brady's voice that spoke: "From the other room," he said shortly, "a dog."

"A dog! Then why hasn't he barked?"

"Because he is not that kind, I reckon; a big brute from his growl. Did you find anything?"

I told him briefly.

"Fireplace on my side, two chairs and an ax in the corner," he added shortly. "Nobody home but the dog, I reckon, but we will have to fight it out with him, before we take possession. Stand where you are until I feel out the door. Leather hinges, and opens this way. Here, Hayward, take hold of the latch; we'll have to brain the brute. Don't open until I say so, and then only about a foot. Brace yourself to hold it firm, and keep your gun ready; I've got the ax."

I took my position, but with heart beating rapidly, and waited. The dog, as though realizing danger, flung himself with full force against the door, and gave one deep bark of savage ferocity. Brady touched my hand, locating the opening. Then there was an instant of silence.

"Now!" he said.

I lifted the wooden latch, gripping with both hands, my shoulders and foot braced. There was a fierce leap of the brute, so sudden as to cause me to give back, the thud of descending ax, a howl of pain and rage, the ugly snap of jaws. Coarse hair swept my hands; there was another blow, the sound of a falling body; then the helve of the ax struck my foot. Back and forth on the dirt floor man and brute struggled, crashing into the table, and overturning it. Brady uttered one oath; then the dog snarled, and lay still, while I stood with the ax poised, unable to tell which was which in the darkness. Something moved, and I took a step forward.

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## CONSTANCE AND HENRY

By LOUISE OLNEY.

Constance slid behind the trunk of a big tree and put her fingers to her ears. Her heart beat to suffocation with misery and suspense. She did not dare to stay lest she might hear Henry Peyton make love to Mame, an old love of his. She could not have borne that. Neither did she dare move lest they hear her—they were not ten feet distant.

Constance wondered why Henry had brought her to this picnic—and then let Mame Travis absorb his attention with her Irish wit and fascination. Constance went through an eternity of torture before she plucked up courage to take down her hands, remove her pumps and slide away.

Soon she was safe out of sight. She stopped near a swift little brook where the sunset was mirrored rosy in the clear water. The stillness of the woods soothed her a little, and she began to plan how she could find the others and get home without accepting Henry's escort. They were all in pairs, and some one would insist on going with her. Jack Manning had brought Mame.

Her shoes still in her hand, she sat down, curling her feet under her, the thought striking her with shame that she loved Henry Peyton before he had spoken of love to her!

As she sat there she heard a crash in the bushes and in a moment Jack Manning, whom she hated, came swaggering up to her.

"Hello! Guess you and I'll have to console each other. We seem to be deserted." He seated himself beside her, scanning her admiringly with his bold, dark eyes.

She flushed in distress.

"Say, little one, I'll take off my shoes, too, and we'll go wading. Is that what you came for?" She shook her head. "Well, don't sulk over Peyton—he ain't worth it—neither is Mame."

Her eyes flashed with anger.

"I don't like you. Go away! Please—I'm tired and want to think."

"You can think when you're older and not so pretty. Thinking's no job for a beauty—come, console me for Mame. She wouldn't mind consoling a fellow."

Constance jumped up, snatching her shoes, and ran away from him as fast as she could. It was growing dusk and she was timid—indeed deathly afraid, but of him more than of a whole lonely forest. He looked after her a moment, bit off the end of a fresh cigar and muttered to himself:

"Turned down, eh? Went too fast with her. Is Peyton crazy to forget a peach like that for Mame? He lit his cigar and sauntered off. Finally he found the others grouped under the trees preparing to go home.

Presently Henry brought Mame back, the girl sober-faced, her eyes a little red, but the man was very quiet. He instantly missed Constance.

"Where's Constance?" he demanded. Mrs. Turner, the chaperon, did not know.

"I think you're the one to know," he remarked, significantly, "and it's getting dark. Better look for her—I saw her go off by herself." Henry strode off.

A half hour later in the deep dusk, thoroughly alarmed, he was still searching. He called her name aloud, but she did not answer. What had become of her? His heart failed him. Why had he left her even a moment? Why had he bothered to save a girl like Mame from her own undoing. If she wanted to play with Manning till a good chap like Thorne was sick of her—it was her business.

"Constance," he called. "Connie!" Then going around a big tree, he came upon her white little figure huddled against the trunk. Her hands in her absurd fashion were over her ears. She was crying softly. He rushed up to her, taking down her hands and shaking her a bit from sheer relief to find her safe.

"Connie—darling! you frightened me to death! What made you hide?" He drew her toward him, but she freed herself firmly, shaking her head.



# THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, MONDAY OF JULY, FRIDAY OF SEPTEMBER AND CHRISTMAS

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## BRYAN BEFORE HIS IDOLS.

The Philadelphia Press, speaking editorially, says: Two members of the cabinet are standing firm for a policy of decent consistency and mainly action. These are Secretary Garrison and Secretary Lane. But they are laboring in an atmosphere beclouded by the incense burned by Mr. Bryan before his two idols, Villa and Carranza, who have both flouted the United States before the world. Once the present Secretary of State was a comedy in administration, but now he is a tragedy.

## OPTIMISM.

To look on the bright side of life and its affairs with an enthusiastic belief that everything is all right and for the best is ideal. This is especially true as it applies to those who come into contact with the sick. A physician, above all men, should be an optimist—read to stimulate hope even though he may not have it himself. Hopefulness in the countenance and optimism in the words and actions of the physician are as sunshine in the sick-room; they stimulate hopefulness of recovery in the sick and a courage that often has potent influence for good. Even when recovery is not possible, the Journal of the American Medical Association thinks that good, not harm, is done. They make life worth living while it lasts. The psychic influence is always felt so long as consciousness remains. Paget speaking of hypochondriacs, says, "Your chances of doing good will depend mainly on the skill with which you can influence the patient's mind; for of the components of his ease the mental condition is the worst."

## A PRACTICAL BEAUTY HINT.

The use of cosmetics and other artificial aids to attractiveness is as old as the human race. To Darwin and students of anthropology in general, decorative applications were a feature of selection—of attraction and sexual selection. The cheek covered with rouge, the heavily elaborated eyebrow and the colored wig, it appears, originated at an early period among courtisans. It has been remarked that "time has taken the taint from the tint," and the wide employment of artificialities today would seem to indicate the truth of this observation. The host of advertised medicaments, the beauty columns which grace or disgrace almost every metropolitan newspaper, the display-windows of the various department-stores catering to a large feminine clientele, bear further witness to the fact. The average man of rational clean mind does not approve of cosmetic innovations in his own feminine people. He would prefer to see these radical departures from the natural confined to the chorus lady and the public tangoist. The physician always warns against the use of cosmetic preparations, because most of them are dangerous. To him the natural and healthy has always seemed to be typical of beauty. Even the editor of the lay press, however, has seen the ridiculous in the beauty column, and the following satirical excerpts taken from a Southern weekly contains what is, in the opinion of The Journal of the American Medical Association, an ideal beauty hint: "For giving the face a good color, get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see that they are still there."

When Teddy comes to die wonder if he won't claim he discovered the River Styx!

"Advanced years alone was what saved Colonel Bill Kirkby, the once powerful politician and lobbyist of Ohio, who has at last reached the end of his career shorn of every vestige of power," says the Georgetown (Ohio) News Democrat, in speaking of the acquittal of Kirkby at Columbus, Ohio, in his trial for bribery.

## THE WORLD REPROVES WILSON.

The loss of the support of the powerful New York World to the administration is a serious one. Editorially it says:

To accept mediation and at the same time deliver an ultimatum is most unusual. President Wilson agrees to mediation between this country and "those who now claim to represent our sister Republic of Mexico," but, as heretofore, he bars Senor Huerta.

Again, it says: It is easy enough to say that the President "blundered into war." Thousands of disinterested and honest Americans believe it to be a fact. But we shall not blunder out of war, and nothing is to be gained by finding fault with the President for what no human power can now remedy. What is past is past.

## NERVES IN THE MARRIAGE GAME.

In the June American Magazine a husband, who has had twenty-five years of married life, tells the story of his experiences. On the subject of nerves in the marriage relation he comments as follows:

"I was extremely ignorant of women and their ways, and more ignorant of nerves. Indeed nerves were an item in the marriage relation that I never had considered, and it was years before the relation of nerves to marital happiness became known to me.

"It takes the average man a long time after marriage to realize that his wife is a human being, much like himself, with the addition of some nerves, some superstitions, some prejudices, and some finer emotions of which he knows little or nothing. Not many men have reached the state of marriage in as complete ignorance of women as I did. I had been rather bashful and shy with them as a boy and too busy to pay much attention to them as a man. Living in cities in which I was a stranger I had no opportunity to meet the nice ones and no inclination to associate with the other kind. Being strong, healthy and normal, I knew nothing of nerves and had scant patience with their various manifestations, ordinarily attributing phenomena due to nerves to other causes."

## FOOLISH PHILOSOPHY.

(New York Times.)

Money will buy everything but happiness, and a few people.

Friends are people we feel privileged to tell our troubles to.

Debt is a paradox. The faster we run in the more we get behind.

Even when two hearts beat as one they sometimes make a discord.

It isn't always the lightweight who rises to the top.



"I've come," said the visitor, "to see why you called me a political jobber in your paper today."  
"I regret that error of the types, quite as much as you," replied the editor.  
"Ah! Then, you didn't mean to call me that?"  
"No, sir. I wrote 'robber' very distinctly."

Mrs. Mary A. Flavelle, of Chicago, was shot and fatally wounded while traveling on an Italian railroad. The motive is thought to have been robbery.

## SOME PESSIMISTIC NEWS.

(Mt. Olivet Tribune.)

The dry spell is cutting the straw-berry crop short and gardens are not doing much good.

It's a rank weed crop that is growing this year and it will take hustling to down them.

The opinion is prevalent in some quarters that the price of tobacco will be lower than the average paid the past season.

Dr. J. B. Wood made a business trip to Maysville last week, and tells us that Mason's crops are no farther advanced than Robertson's.

\*\*\*\*\*  
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON  
LOCALLY APPLIED.  
\*\*\*\*\*

The lesson for next Sunday lays great stress on faith. It is the underlying principle. Faith in our fellows; faith in ourselves; faith in God. We are all capable of doing better than we do. The woe that is here pronounced on those who set a bad example before little children or who offend those who are weak in the faith, is well worth considering by some so-called good people in Mason County. You can not say anything you want to say in the presence of children nor can you do as you please before the public without having both the sin and the influences of the sin to account for.

There is the lesson of forgiveness taught in "If thy brother sin, rebuke him; if he repent, forgive him." How many old scores are there here in this town which could be and should be wiped out? Old family scores that would have been forgotten long ago but for the fact you were too mean to do your part of forgiving and forgetting. Instead of rebuking the offender to his face to correct matters, you made matters worse by telling around to every body how awfully you had been treated.

Then there are the political scores. When ever one set of men have in mind to "get even" with another set of men, especially if one set is in office, the city suffers. Maysville has had enough experience along this line to have learned the lesson. Both sides can not be right without both sides also being wrong at least in part. Therefore, following the instruction given here by Jesus, let there be the taking of the rebuke given by the offended even at the cost of some personal pride and some less financial gain, and let both sides forgive and forget. The reason some people are so unhappy is because they are too mean to be otherwise. Take the sage's advice "forgive and forget and be happy."

## FINE BAND MUSIC ON CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAM

Francesco Ferullo Is Booked For Two Concerts Here This Summer.



Among the many fine musical treats to be enjoyed here during the coming Chautauqua are the concerts to be given by Ferullo's Band. An afternoon program and another in the evening will be enjoyed on the fifth day of the Chautauqua, and already much interest is being shown in the coming of this famous band.

The fact that Ferullo and his musicians have appeared for extended engagements in such cities as Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles and St. Louis is sufficient guarantee that the local concerts will be up to all press notices.

The Redpath Chautauqua here this summer will, in addition to many other fine features, present a complete change of music each day. The Ferullo Band will be one of the very best musical attractions.

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Old 56, full quart, 8 years old. . . . .87  
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Port, per bottle. . . . . .35  
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Puritan Belle, per bottle. . . . .50  
Mumms Extra Dry, per pint. . . . .1.90  
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1:40 p. m. 8:15 p. m.,  
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Senator Elihu Root Republican leader, spoke in favor of the repeal of the free tolls provision of the Panama Canal act.

To eliminate all possibility of fraud, primary regulations in South Carolina were changed yesterday by the Democratic State Convention.

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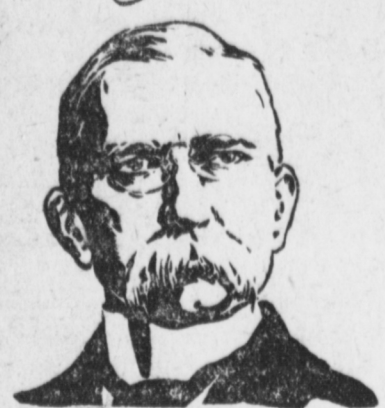
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Philip R. Goodwin

## Tobacco That is Good For Your Nerves

**TUXEDO** actually soothes the nerves. It is just mild enough to keep your nervous system in poise, your muscles in tone. Unlike other tobaccos, Tuxedo burns cool and slow. There cannot be a speck of irritation in a pound of Tuxedo.

Great singers smoke Tuxedo just before a performance. Public speakers testify as to its soothing influence. Doctors recommend it to smokers whose throats are delicate.

# Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

The secret of its superiority is the unique "Tuxedo Process" by which all the unpleasant features are eliminated from tobacco.

Another reason is that Tuxedo is made from the best tobacco grown—the choicest, mildest, mellowest leaves of the highest grade Burley tobacco.

Tuxedo is widely imitated—but no other manufacturer has succeeded in making a tobacco as good as Tuxedo.

Go to your dealer today and get a tin of Tuxedo. It will give you the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that money will buy.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit the pocket 10c

Convenient pouch, inner-lined with moisture-proof paper 5c

In Glass Humidors 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



**POSITIVE PROOF.**  
(Judge.)  
"Is Smithsonian an intelligent, well-informed man?"  
"Unusually so. As a juror he is always rejected by the attorneys on both sides!"

**WASHINGTON THEATER.**  
**TONIGHT**  
MONA DARKFEATHER IN  
"THE INDIAN AMBUSH" Kalem Drama.  
"IN TANGLED WEBS."  
Pathé Drama in Two Parts.  
Third Part of  
"PERILS OF PAULINE"  
Monday Night.  
CINCINNATI MOTION PICTURES.

**ADMISSION 5c**

**Sweet Potato Plants**  
Coming on now. Get your hills ready.  
Yellow Jersey, Red Jersey, Bermuda, S. Queen and Strasburg.

**C. P. DIETERICH & BRO.**  
PHONES 151 and 152.

**FOR SALE**  
We have for sale at No. 919 W. Second St., a two story six-room house with halls on both floors, bath, gas and electric lights and in fact all modern improvements. House has just been redecorated and freshly painted, and can be said to be in perfect repair, therefore it will not be necessary to spend the price of a home before you can move in. There is a nice garden planted on the lot which goes with the place. Possession within fifteen days after sale is made. If you want a home let us show you this one, and we feel sure you will buy it at the price—\$3,500.00.

**Thos. L. Ewan & Co.**  
REAL ESTATE  
AND  
LOAN AGENTS  
FARMERS' AND  
TRADERS' BANK, MAYSVILLE, KY.

**PLUMVILLE.**  
Mr. Frank Berry, aged about seventy years, passed away after a lingering illness of heart trouble the 13th inst., at his home near Rectortville. Deceased is survived by one sister, Mrs. Eliza Bullock. Funeral services, consisting of scripture reading, prayer and song service, were conducted by Elder Eli Frame at the residence. Interment at Olivet Cemetery Thursday at 2 o'clock, the 14th inst.

Miss Valerie Outten is a guest of her cousin, Mrs. Eliza Bullock. Mrs. M. W. Redman and daughter were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Frame Thursday.

**FERN LEAF.**  
"The voice of one who goes before, to make The paths of June more beautiful, Is thine, Sweet May."  
—Helen Hunt.

The locust trees are now in bloom. Rain is much needed in this neighborhood. The little daughter of Ollie Gully has measles.

Roscoe Griffith and wife were shoppers in Maysville Saturday. Misses Harriett and Dimmitt Haughaboo visited Miss Sallie Haughaboo at Moransburg Saturday and Sunday.

Clarence Cartwright, Leslie McIntyre and wife from Fayette County visited Mrs. Frank McIntyre from Friday 'till Monday.

Mrs. Henry Norris and Miss Hattie Norris are attending Commencement at Millersburg this week. Many from this neighborhood are attending Commencement at Minerva this week.

Garland Auxier of Rectortville has returned to his home after a visit with his aunt, Mrs. Cal Haughaboo.

**CONNAUGHT MAY RULE IRISH.**

London.—The Standard says that the Government will invite the Duke of Connaught, at present Governor General of Canada, to become the next Viceroy of Ireland.

**CHAS. KENT & DOROTHY KELLY**  
assisted by James Morrison and Donald Hall in  
"THE FIRST ENDORSEMENT"  
Vitaphone One-Reel Feature.

**"COL. HEEZA LIAR**  
SHIPWRECKED."  
Animated Cartoon.  
"THE BLINDED HEART"  
Lubin Drama.

**MIXED PICKLES.**  
New Inventions Reach the Interior.  
Emil Von Jergen, traveling salesman, predicted this morning that the tango dance craze will strike Alliance within a few weeks, if not days.—Alliance (Neb.) Herald.

**THE CHOIR COW DESERVES GOOD CARE.**  
Wanted—A steady, respectable young man to look after garden and care for cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.—Adv. in Connecticut paper.

**Human Nature Failed to Make Good.**  
We will take back that announcement of a wedding for the one who told us was mistaken. The couple has quit and no one believes it to be true now.—Clarksburg (Ark.) Democrat.

**THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.**  
(American Machinist.)  
That wrought iron can stand a hot, humid climate is shown by columns and doors still found in good preservation in ruined cities in India. In Delhi stands a wrought-iron column, which was placed there nearly 1,300 years ago and today shows practically no signs of deterioration.

To learn a trade in a machine shop a boy must spend three or four years as an apprentice and then more years as a journeyman, before he comes into his own. Two years he must be spent in learning grinding; under modern conditions the work is safe and healthy, and the pay for a proficient operator is excellent.

The analysis of the operations on a piece of work into their elements almost always reveals the fact that many of the conditions surrounding and accompanying the carrying on the work are defective; improper tools are used, machines need perfecting, working conditions are bad. The knowledge so obtained leads frequently to constructive improvement of a high order, to the invention of both superior methods and machines.

Long service on the part of workmen is a distinct asset to any manufacturing firm, and that long service is not transferable to another firm. Change, the loss of a good workman, means first, loss of his trained services and second, time spent in "breaking in" a new man, and firms would do well to consider this carefully.

**DID THE WORK**  
Grew Strong on Right Food.  
You can't grow strong by merely exercising. You must have food—the kind you can digest and assimilate. Unless the food you eat is digested it adds to the burden the digestive organs have naturally to carry. This often means a nervous breakdown.

"About a year ago," writes a Massachusetts lady, "I had quite a serious nervous breakdown caused, as I believed, by overwork and worry. I also suffered untold misery from dyspepsia."

"First I gave up my position, then I tried to find a remedy for my troubles, something that would make me well and strong, something to rest my tired stomach and build up my worn-out nerves and brain."

"I tried one kind of medicine after another, but nothing seemed to help me. Finally a friend suggested change of food and recommended Grape-Nuts. With little or no faith in it, I tried a package. That was eight months ago, and I have never been without it since."

"Grape-Nuts did the work. It made me strong and well. Grape-Nuts put new life into me, built up my whole system and made another woman of me!"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pks. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## GEM TODAY!

PERFORMANCES START DAILY AT 1 P. M.

Radical changes in the methods of making appointments for minor diplomatic posts were suggested in a bill introduced by Senator Stone.

### 3,000-ACRE CORN PATCH

Henderson County Farmer Has Big Crop in Prospect.

Henderson, Ky.—R. H. Soaper, the largest individual corn grower in the county, will plant 3,000 acres of corn this year. He owns several fine river bottom farms. To date 2,000 acres have been planted and half of this acreage has sprouted well.

### TAKE THIS MAN'S ADVICE

Try the Great Kidney Remedy.

It always gives me pleasure to recommend anything that is right and so I feel it my duty to herald the praises of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

For years I was troubled with Kidney disease and it was so intense that I was bedridden for days at a time. I gave up all hope and doctors for miles around gave me no help. Incidentally I tried several patent remedies and at last tried Swamp-Root. From the first it gave me relief and it was no time before I was able to be up and around and now I am perfectly well and able to work as I used to before my terrible sickness.

No now let me thank you for your wonderful discovery and take this opportunity to recommend it to all who suffer from kidney troubles.

Yours very truly,

WALTER SHIVER,

Hope, Ark.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25th day of March, 1912.

A. V. WARE, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure to mention the Maysville Daily Ledger. Regular fifty-cent and dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Millions of dollars are to be expended in Northern Mississippi on a system of drainage canals and reservoirs to reclaim a large area of land and act as a flood preventive.

### CENSUS OF BIRDS WILL SOON BE TAKEN BY U. S. GOVERNMENT

Washington.—A census of all the birds of the United States is to be taken this summer by the federal government. In announcing this fact the Department of Agriculture which will supervise the work, urges the co-operation of all bird lovers. The primary object of the census is the preservation of this important game.

The count of the bird population is to begin about May 30 and the department hopes to have the final results in hand by June 30. As a beginning 250 correspondents in all parts of the country will assist in taking the census, but voluntary observers are expected to furnish most of the data.

In the enumeration an effort is to be made to determine how many pairs of birds of each species breed within definite areas. By comparing these figures with those of subsequent censuses, it will be possible to ascertain if state and federal laws are effective and game and insectivorous birds increasing or decreasing.

### IS THERE A THIRD SEX?

English Statesman So Classifies a Type of Modern Woman.

(London Cor. Kansas City Times.)  
"A new sex is growing up; a third sex—women who deliberately abandon all feminine attributes and honestly do not care for love or passion."

That, according to Sir William Bell, member of Parliament for Hammer-smith, in an article in the Academy, is the real reason for the growth of the woman suffrage movement.

"The young women of half a century ago who did wool work also wasted thousands of hours of valuable time in practicing on the piano," said Sir William. "In nine cases out of ten she had no taste or inclination for music, and is now as defunct as her grandmother, who swooned, in graceful attitudes on every occasion. Women nowadays are taking up a more aggressive position in the world; they travel unchaperoned; they ride alone on taxis, and live like bachelors by themselves in flats, if they

think fit, without scandal.  
"They want to live their own lives; they do not want to get married or expect it. They imitate men as far as they can in their attire. They smoke cigarettes, and lead useful lives as clerks, typists, telegraphers, actuaries, doctors and take up a hundred other occupations which were formerly for men only. They do not want men; they are learning to be independent of them."

"I do not pretend that all women who follow these occupations are of this class, but I maintain that there is a large and growing proportion of what is practically a third sex. Inasmuch as the proportion of men over women is increasing, I see no harm in it, but good. Spinsterhood is no longer the reproach it once was, and women lead far more interesting and brighter lives than they ever did before."

**THE CROP OUTLOOK**  
There Never Was a Better Prospect—Record Breaking Wheat Crop Expected.

The outlook for all kinds of crops was never better, except the hay crop, which is suffering for want of rain. The corn crop is about all planted. Tobacco plants are said to be more abundant than for many years. They are large enough to be set out on the first season.

Wheat is very forward and promises the most abundant yield ever known. In fact everything on the farm couldn't be in better shape for bumper crops.

**A WORD WITH WOMEN**  
Valuable Advice for Maysville Readers.

Many a woman endures with noble patience the daily misery of backache, pains about the hips, blue, nervous spells, dizziness and urinary disorders, hopeless of relief because she doesn't know what is the matter.

It is not true that every pain in the back or hips is trouble "peculiar to the sex." Often when the kidneys get congested and inflamed, such aches and pains follow.

You can tell it is kidney trouble if the secretions are dark colored, contain sediment; the passages are too frequent or scanty. Then help the weakened kidneys. Don't expect them to get well alone.

Doan's Kidney Pills have won the praise of thousands of women. They are endorsed at home—Read this Maysville woman's convincing statement: Mrs. Dora Mefford, Maysville, Ky., says: "I had been feeling poorly for some time, before I knew that my kidneys were at fault. I was nervous and dizzy and my back and head ached. I rested poorly and mornings I was all tired out. I read in a local paper how a neighbor had been cured of kidney trouble by Doan's Kidney Pills. I used them and before long I was a great deal better. I was able to sleep well and they improved my health."

Prices 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Mefford had. Foster-McIlburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

**THE BUSINESS MEN OF TODAY**  
are fully aware of the value of good dressing as a business asset. They regard well made, perfect fitting attire as much of an essential as the attractive qualities of a well kept store or office. The only question is who is the tailor who can make them the most satisfactory garments? There can be no question of doubt if you place your order with us. Remember this is the only store in this section where you can buy R. U. V. Pilon's made to measure clothes. See the new trousers we are showing for \$16 to \$22, they are repeaters. Remember we repair all our dry clean work free of charge in a workmanlike manner.

**C. F. McNAMARA,**  
84 West Front Street. Maysville Ky.

## THE SWEETNESS

Of Low Prices Never Equals the Bitterness of Poor Quality!

## Crystal Domino Granulated Sugar :::

Is the BEST, most sanitary and has no equal. Sold only in packages.

M. C. RUSSELL CO.

## CANE SEED

Plant a little patch of Cane and give your stock a treat next winter, and how it will make the cows increase the flow of milk. We have the Orange and Amber.

Try us for a Barrel of Flour—Roller King, A1 Purity and Dewey's Best.

**RAINS BROS.** PHONE 191

## Lovel's Specials!

**STRAWBERRIES ARE NOW COMING.** In a few days the HOME GROWN varieties will be on the market. The prospects are for a bountiful supply. Later on RASPBERRIES and other fruits will be coming. During the season my house as Usual Will Be The Headquarters for all the various kinds. As I have my usual arrangements with the best growers in both TENNESSEE and the OHIO VALLEY I shall be in position to meet all the demands and furnish the best fruits grown, on same days as they are picked. WHOLESALE and RETAIL. So when you want the best come to me.

My stock of FANCY GROCERIES is at all times full and complete and prices lowest.

The biggest and best stock of Coffees, Teas and Sugar; also a full supply of country cured HAMS and BACON of the very best kind. Canned goods in immense quantities. In fact every article of the very best usually found in a FIRST CLASS GROCERY. I buy all my goods direct from first hands for SPOT CASH and have no fear of successful competition. I buy country cured Hams and Bacon and produce generally for which I pay cash or goods at SPOT CASH PRICES.

My usual invitation to country people when in our city to make my house headquarters still stands, and don't forget that I WHOLESALE as well as RETAIL.

**R. B. LOVEL,** THE LEADING GROCER, Wholesale and Retail. PHONE 83.

## SOMETHING IN ROOFING

## J. C. EVERETT & CO.

TOOK NO CHANCES.

The height of caution is illustrated by the Brooklyn man who did not marry until assured by his doctors that he had only one more day to live.

**Pastime Matinee and Night**  
BOB LEONARD AND BETTY SCHADE IN  
"FROM FATHER TO SON"  
A story of real life as is in many cases. A picture every father should see.  
"SLIM AND THE DYNAMITERS"  
Comedy.  
Laughs may come and laughs may go, but you will never stop laughing if you see this picture.  
Miss Anna Belle Ward will sing Saturday Matinee and Night.

5c---ADMISSION---10c

### PUBLIC SALE!

On Saturday, May 23, at 2 o'clock p. m., to the highest bidder, one of the most desirable building lots in the city. Located on W. Second St. adjoining the properties of J. N. Kehoe and Chas. Reed. Sixty ft. front on Second St., running through to Third St. Title guaranteed. Brick streets paid for. Property in the West End has doubled in value in the past two years. Remember the date and come to the sale.

20.4t. P. D. WELLS.

If a man is good looking and of gentlemanly appearance, a woman usually is willing to waive the convention of a formal introduction.

A man longs all of his life for an opportunity to talk uninterruptedly. Finally the opportunity arrives. He is invited to make a speech, and discovers he is so badly scared he can't speak above a whisper.

## An A. D. S. Preparation for every ill. We guarantee satisfaction. Try

A. D. S. PEROXIDE CREAM.

JOHN C. PECOR, Druggist

## EUREKA

means we have found it. Just the thing that is necessary in the stove line. See our new kitchen COMBINATION COAL AND GAS RANGE—always ready, winter or summer, early or late. Made of cast iron—four holes for gas, four holes for coal. Use same oven, either coal or gas. Only one flue connection, occupying no more space than an ordinary range. No higher in price.

**GEORGE H. TRAXEL,** Corner Third and Limestone streets.

## R. U.

Suffering with Rheumatism? If so let R. U. do for you what it has done for others. Marvelous Carlsbad remedy. 50c per box.

## THE R. U. CO.,

432 North Franklin St., Syracuse, N. Y.



## THE BUSINESS MEN OF TODAY

are fully aware of the value of good dressing as a business asset. They regard well made, perfect fitting attire as much of an essential as the attractive qualities of a well kept store or office. The only question is who is the tailor who can make them the most satisfactory garments? There can be no question of doubt if you place your order with us. Remember this is the only store in this section where you can buy R. U. V. Pilon's made to measure clothes. See the new trousers we are showing for \$16 to \$22, they are repeaters. Remember we repair all our dry clean work free of charge in a workmanlike manner.

**C. F. McNAMARA,**

84 West Front Street. Maysville Ky.



## Fine Plums for Tomorrow's Picking

Young Men's Week at the Live Store, we've singled out one of the most attractive values on our racks—a special lot of KUPPENHEIMER summer serges. They're tailored to give that fashionable appearance of soldierly slenderness; coats with little or no padding; soft roll collars; straight narrow trousers, many of them skeleton lined; fresh, attractive colorings and patterns. This week should be a red letter week, indeed, with these suits selling at

**\$20**

**Geo. H. Frank & Co.**  
Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

**PUBLIC LEDGER**

**PERSONAL**

Mrs. Frank Hunsicker is very ill at her home in East Second street.

Dr. F. M. Smith of Dover was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Mr. J. Z. Dearhart and family are now at home at No. 18 East Sixth St.

Miss Nellie Williams, of Mayslick, is the guest of Mrs. Lula Raymond of Ewing.

Mrs. Sennell P. Turner of New York is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. L. Benn of East Second street.

Mrs. Charles E. McCarthy of East Second St. left yesterday for a week's visit to relatives near Dover.

Mrs. W. R. Darnall and Mrs. M. V. Bostain went to Mason County yesterday to visit relatives.—Carlisle Mercury.

Rev. Wilhoite returned yesterday from Nashville, Tenn., where he attended the Baptist Convention, which was held there last week.

Mrs. Elijah Bates has returned to her home in New York City, after a pleasant visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Key.

Miss Hattie Simpson returned home from Piqua, Ohio. Miss Simpson was trimmer for the past season in one of Piqua's fashion emporiums.

Miss Julia Meriweather of Kansas City, Mo., arrived last evening for a visit to her friend, Mrs. Horace J. Cochran of West Fourth street.

Mrs. Dan W. Smith and little daughter, Roberta Louise, of Norwood, Ohio, are guests of her father, Mr. R. P. D. Thompson on East Second street.

Mr. Frank Collins of near Dover and Mr. John S. Orr, of Augusta, owner of the Augusta Chronicle 40 years ago, were guests at the Central Hotel yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Devine, Mr. Roger Devine and Editor John J. Altmyer were in Cincinnati Thursday to attend the graduation of Mr. and Mrs. Devine's son, John Cartmel Devine from the Ohio Dental Surgery at the Odion.

Miss Janie Pumpelly, of Mason County was a visitor in town during the forepart of the week. \*\*\* George Schweitzer, wife and children, went to Maysville Sunday for a short visit at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Jas. Broshears. \*\*\* Mrs. E. T. Kirk and child of Maysville visited relatives here on Tuesday.—Augusta Chronicle.



AYBE it is an old fashioned idea this notion of putting all the value possible into the car itself—and as little as possible into overhead expense—

But it has given the Paige a positively dominant position among cars of medium price—

Ample capital for operating purposes—no bonded indebtedness—no excessive capitalization—no heavy overhead of any kind to be paid for.

Just a full dollar of car value for every dollar of the selling price.

Is it any wonder that the Paige is going to be oversold again this year in spite of increased production?

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

**Central Garage Co.,**  
Maysville, Ky.

**PAIGE**

Model Clearwood "35"—Electric lighting and starting—\$1275  
Model Brunswick "25"—5-passenger—Electric lighting and starting—\$975



Mrs. Ernie White left yesterday morning for a stay in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. William Kautz of Houston avenue is visiting his sister in Norwood, Ohio.

Mrs. Pat Breslin of East Second St., left yesterday for several days' visit in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Cavendish arrived yesterday after a pleasant visit with relatives in Huntington, W. Va.

Miss Elizabeth Overton Wallingford of Flemingsburg was one of the nineteen graduates of Chevy Chase Seminary, at Washington, D. C., Monday.

## WAR SITUATION

The Mexican question is dragging along and old Huerta is still standing pat in his bluff of Uncle Sam. In the meantime the "Mediators" are enjoying our hospitality at the Niagara Falls fair.

Winchester, Ky., May 21.—Marion Jordan, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, of this city, had both legs cut off and was so badly mangled by a train that he died shortly afterwards in Richmond today.

## 80,000 GALLONS OF OIL

To Be Used By City and County This Season—The Housewives Wonder at the Delay.

Why the delay in the matter of oiling the streets of Maysville?

The women have finished housecleaning and the oil should have been spread weeks ago.

It is said that the City of Maysville has tentatively purchased, or may purchase 40,000 gallons of oil for the streets. Even if the oil is bought now it will be some time before it can be spread.

Standard Oil Agent H. C. Curran has closed the contract with the county for 4 tank cars of oil—40,000 gallons, to be used on the pikes. This oil should be here next week.

When the 40,000 gallons for the city is to be delivered, is like asking a dumb man: "How old is Ann?"

## RIVER NEWS.

River, 17.9 feet and falling.

Business good at all ports.

Greenland down tonight from Pom.eroy and Lorena from Pittsburgh.

In the Cincinnati district the Ohio River will fall slowly today. The gauge at Cincinnati Thursday registered 24.4 feet, a fall of 2.7 feet during 24 hours.



The "Nomads" celebrated their annual "open meeting" in a picnic at Beechwood Park, Wednesday afternoon. The day was made to order and after a most exciting floral contest in which Miss Johnson carried off the honors for the club and Mrs. Bartlett for the visitors the assembly rested from strenuous mental exertion to enjoy the feature of the afternoon. The feast, looking like the Ladies' Home Journal under the efficient management of the Vice President and tasting like the probably over-rated "feasts of the Gods" was spread in picnic fashion. All the chickens south of Mason and Dickson's line had been corralled and old ham and beaten biscuit were at a discount. The visitors registered a unanimous vote that they be invited again next year, and the occasion faded into history as one more triumph for the Nomads.

That little girl of yours—she'll soon be having her hair "done up," and too, she will be out-growing her childish ways—and you haven't had her picture taken since she was in long dresses.

You don't exactly want to keep her as she is—but you do want to keep the memory.

## Brosee

The Photographer in Your Town.

## BASEBALL RESULTS

### YESTERDAY'S GAMES.

**Ohio State League.**  
Newport, 0; Chillicothe, 3.  
Ironton, 7; Maysville, 5.  
Portsmouth, 0; Huntington, 4.  
Lexington, 5; Charleston, 1.

**National League.**  
Boston, 3; Chicago, 1.  
Philadelphia, 2; Pittsburgh, 6.  
Brooklyn, 4; Cincinnati, 8.  
New York, 4; St. Louis, 8.

**American League.**  
Chicago, 5; Boston, 2.  
Cleveland, 2; New York, 5.  
Detroit, 2; Philadelphia, 4.  
St. Louis, 4; Washington, 5.

### GAMES TODAY.

**Ohio State League.**  
Maysville at Huntington.  
Ironton at Lexington.  
Newport at Portsmouth.  
Charleston at Chillicothe.

**National League.**  
Boston at Chicago.  
Brooklyn at Cincinnati.  
New York at St. Louis.  
Philadelphia at Pittsburgh.

**American League.**  
Chicago at Boston.  
St. Louis at Washington.  
Detroit at Philadelphia.  
Cleveland at New York.

### STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

**Ohio State League.**  
Won Lost P. C.  
Chillicothe ..... 13 8 .619  
Ironton ..... 12 9 .571  
Charleston ..... 12 10 .545  
Portsmouth ..... 10 9 .526  
Lexington ..... 10 10 .500  
Maysville ..... 9 11 .450  
Huntington ..... 9 13 .409  
Newport ..... 12 13 .368

**National League.**  
Won Lost P. C.  
Pittsburgh ..... 18 8 .693  
New York ..... 14 9 .609  
Cincinnati ..... 17 13 .566  
Brooklyn ..... 12 12 .500  
St. Louis ..... 15 15 .500  
Philadelphia ..... 11 13 .458  
Chicago ..... 13 17 .433  
Boston ..... 5 18 .217

**American League.**  
Won Lost P. C.  
Detroit ..... 21 10 .676  
Washington ..... 17 11 .608  
Philadelphia ..... 14 11 .560  
New York ..... 13 13 .500  
St. Louis ..... 14 15 .483  
Boston ..... 12 14 .462  
Chicago ..... 14 18 .437  
Cleveland ..... 8 21 .278

### WEATHER REPORT

GENERALLY FAIR AND WARM.  
ER TODAY AND SATURDAY.

### MAYSVILLE PRODUCE MARKET

Following are this morning's quotations on country produce, telephoned at 9 o'clock by the E. L. Manchester Produce Company:

Eggs ..... 17c  
Butter ..... 14c  
Ducks ..... 8c  
Hens ..... 13c  
Spring chickens ..... 13c  
Old roosters ..... 7c  
Geese ..... 9c  
Turkeys ..... 13c

### CINCINNATI MARKETS

Cincinnati, May 21.—Receipts for the past 24 hours, are as follows: Cattle, 502; hogs, 4634; sheep, 1837.

Cattle—The market was steady. Shippers \$7.50@8.50; butcher steers, extra \$8.25@8.50, good to choice \$7.25@8.15, common to fair \$6@7.15; heifers, extra \$8.35@8.50, good to choice \$7.75@8.25, common to fair \$5.75@7.50.

Bulls—Strong. Bologna \$6.35@7.10, extra \$7.15@7.25, fat bulls \$7@7.25.

Milk Cows—Steady.

Calves—Slow and 25@30c lower. Extra \$10.75, fair to good \$8.50@10.50, common and large \$6@10.25.

Hogs—Slow; packers and butchers 10c lower; close weak; light shippers and pigs 20c lower. Selected heavy \$8.55@8.60, good to choice packers and butchers \$8.55@8.60, mixed packers \$8.45@8.55, stags \$4.75@6.85.

Clipped Sheep—Slow and weak. Extra \$4.90@5, good to choice \$4.50@4.85, common to fair \$3.25@4.40, heavy sheep \$4@4.50.

Clipped Lambs—Slow and 10@15c lower. Extra \$7.50@7.65, good to choice \$7.25@7.50, common to fair \$5.50@7.25, spring lambs slow and weak at \$6@9.50.

Grain.

Wheat steady 99c@1.01; corn steady 73 1/2@75c; oats easy, 41 1/2@42c; rye firm, 66@67c. Hay steady, \$15.00@19.50.

## LOST IN THE NINTH

Linnie Weakened and Ironton Slipped Over Two Runs, Winning By the Score of 7 to 5

Ironton wound up their series here by taking the locals in tow by the score of 7 to 5.

Haggerty did the twirling for the visitors and pitched an erratic game, being good at times and way off at others.

Connors started the game for the locals, but was yanked in the latter part of the second inning on account of being a little wild. Raemes took his place and in turn gave way to Linnie in the third inning.



The Nailers Scored So Fast in the Third Inning That Mace Couldn't Keep Track of Them.

The game was the slowest one played on the home grounds this season, but was very exciting at times, and was anybody's game until the last man was out.

The box score follows:

**IRONTON**  
Kendall, rf ..... 4 2 2 1 0 0  
Nally, cf ..... 4 0 2 2 0 0  
Dell, lf ..... 5 2 2 1 1 0  
Smith, lb ..... 5 1 1 9 1 0  
Jackley, c ..... 1 0 0 0 0 0  
Gohr, e ..... 4 1 2 7 0 0  
Pezdol, 2b ..... 4 1 2 3 2 0  
Clauser, ss ..... 5 0 1 2 3 0  
Long, 3b ..... 5 0 1 2 3 0  
Haggerty, p ..... 3 0 0 1 1 0

**TOTALS** ..... 40 7 13 27 11 0

**MAYSVILLE**  
Badel, lf ..... 3 4 1 7 1 0  
Chapman, lf ..... 4 2 2 1 0 0  
Emery, ss ..... 4 1 2 5 3 0  
Donovan, c ..... 4 1 2 0 0 0  
Dieterich, 2b ..... 4 0 1 5 3 0  
Barrett, lb ..... 4 0 1 1 3 0  
Sanford, rf ..... 4 0 1 0 0 0  
Mace, e ..... 3 0 0 5 2 0  
Connors, p ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Raemes, p ..... 1 0 0 0 0 0  
Linnie, p ..... 2 0 0 1 2 0

**TOTALS** ..... 33 5 9 27 14 0

**Innings** 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
Ironton ..... 0 0 4 1 0 0 0 2—  
Maysville ..... 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—5

Summary. Two base hits—Kendall, Badel. Three base hits—Chapman, Kendall, Donovan. Sacrifice hit—Mace. Stolen bases—Kendall, Nally, Clauser, Badel. Base on balls—Off Haggerty, 1; Connors, 1; Linnie, 2. Struck out—By Haggerty, 7; Connors, 1; Linnie, 2. Base hits—2 hits, no runs off Connors, 1 2 3 innings; 4 hits, 4 runs off Raemes in 1 inning. Left on bases—Ironton, 10; Maysville, 3. Double plays—Emery to Dieterich to Badel. Wild pitch—Haggerty. Hit by pitcher—By Raemes, Pezdol. Time—2:00. Umpire—Jacobs.

\*\*\*\*\*  
RIGHT OFF THE BAT.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Umpire Jacobs had an off day yesterday and caused a great deal of dissatisfaction on both sides.

From their latest standing of batting as a club, it looks as if the Nailers made more hits yesterday than they have made all season.

The game was a feature one in so far that neither side had a fielding error, but there were few brain errors, (in common parlance, "bones") made.

Johnny Netter said yesterday, "It seems as if we are having an awful hard time getting up to that .500 point, but when we do, look out, for we are going to go some."

Maysville plays today and tomorrow at Huntington, coming home Sunday and Monday for games with Chillicothe. Ed Sanford will be on the mound Sunday for the locals against the Babes.

It is beyond us why Manager Chapman yanked Connors from the game when he was pitching a very good game of ball. It is true that he was slightly wild, but was effective nevertheless.

The pitching of Haggerty for Ironton was enough to give a fellow the delirium tremens. He had a habit of walking about ten feet behind the pitcher's box, getting the signals from the catcher, and then after walking slowly back to the box, would wind up slowly. He delayed the game at least half an hour by his slow work on the mound. In the third inning he retired the side by striking out each one on the batting order, Mace, Sanford and Raemes, in succession.

Curtis was out of the game yesterday for the first time this season, with a sore hand. Barrett took his place on third, Badel taking Barrett's place at first and Sanford going to the right garden instead of Badel.

Manager Chapman yesterday traded McDaniel, second catcher, to Ironton for Gohr. Gohr went behind the bat for Ironton yesterday when Jackley bungled up his fingers, and he looks as if he might be developed into a pretty fair maskman.

\*\*\*\*\*  
BASEBALL GOSSIP  
\*\*\*\*\*

**Dr. Stern Pessimistic.**  
Dr. Stern, in Huntington, fears for the future of baseball in Huntington. He becomes pessimistic often and with slight provocation, however, and maybe he is wrong this time.

**Kelly Clever Bobs Up Again.**

A new name may be seen soon in the Senatorial line-up. It is that of Kelly. He is an infielder who is able to hold his own, either at bat or on the defensive. Negotiations are pending for there are still a few weaknesses on the team.—Charleston Mail.

**Whose Socks?**  
In commenting on the Ironton-Chillicothe game of Tuesday the Ironton Register says:

Nesser came to the front again and registered 3, one good for 4 socks.

What we want to know is, whose socks are referred to?

**Umpire Brown—It Seems As If We've**

**Heard the Name Before.**

Umpire Brown was the target of many verbal assaults yesterday, and he deserved all he got. Portsmouth fans can overlook the mistakes of an arbitrator when they know the mistake-maker is competent. The best of umpires have their off days. However, it is easy to see that Mr. Brown is not competent. He is so vacillating that he is liable to change his decisions a dozen times. Where Brown is so palpably weak is on balls and strikes. Batters do not know what to take a healthy swat at. Some of Brown's strikes are a foot inside and some of the balls out the plate waist high. Brown's actions take all the life and interest out of the game. The contest dragged through two hours and twenty minutes yesterday, when it should have been played to almost one-half the time. He does not try to keep things moving and has clearly demonstrated his ineptness. Portsmouth fans do not want to see the ex-Champs get the best of decisions—a "homer" is despised by them. They want, however, to see an arbitrator who at least knows his business and not one who acts and decides as though he had the backbone of a jelly-fish and the judgment of a Holstein heifer.

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6th .....	340.80	16th .....	1063.61
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